DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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THE LATE CHARLES CULLIS, M.D.

A LIFE OF FAITH.

"In the death of Dr. Cullis," said Professor L. T. Townsend, of Boston, at the funeral of this American George Muller, a few weeks ago, "a loss has come to each of us for which there seems to be no possible earthly compensation.

"In his friendships, in his faith, in his philanthropies, he was unlike any one we ever have met, or any one we ever shall meet.

"We hardly can realize yet that his smile, which always was a benediction, is to brighten our pathway no longer. The only approximate compensation we can think of for the loss we have met is that his mantle of faith and trust, of charity and patience, of devotion to the distressed and of entire consecration to God, might fall on a score of us who have been fortunate enough to share his friendship and love.

"It is difficult to analyze a strongly marked and angelic character like his. His faith was unsurpassed by that of any one I have known; it was not an uncommon thing for him to use the last dollar of his own money, and even to borrow from others, in order to help the poor and sick. In reading this morning his last annual report of the Consumptives' Home and other institutions belonging to his faith work, I found that, though he often was plunged among annoyances and discouragements of a character such as would paralyze an ordinary Christian, he maintained a trust that seemed to know no bounds. It seems to me, too, that his spirit of Christian forbearance and good will to all, even to his opponents and critics, was unsurpassed by that of any one I have known.

"How gentle and cheerful, even radiant, he always seemed, even when under censure or criticism. He felt it keenly, but his face wore a smile and his words were kind, his heart tender.

"I shall be pardoned for making a personal reference, for it illustrates one of the characteristics of this good and noble man.

"Some years ago I prepared a series of papers on Faith Work, Christian Science and other cures, in which exceptions were taken, and rather emphatically, to the doctor's claims and methods. I conceded his honesty of purpose, and he doubtless conceded mine. At least, in all that has passed between us from that day to this, never has there been an allusion to what was then published, and our intimacy and friendship have strengthened as the months and days have passed, even to the last visit I was permitted to make, on the Friday evening preceding his death.

"I need not tell you that Dr. Cullis has been severely criticised, and not always with fairness; but rarely has he publicly answered his critics. Trusting God, awaiting the time of a full vindication, which he was confident would come, and which will come, and all the time while continuing his consecrated work were, in most instances, his only, and will prove to be his best reply to those who have spoken against him,—words that never would have been spoken, had men the spirit of Dr. Cullis.

"It seems to me, too, that his devotion to the poor and distressed was unsurpassed by that of any one I have known. What monuments unintentionally and unconsciously he has been raising these twenty-seven years to his own memory."

From a contemporary we take the following short sketch of his life.

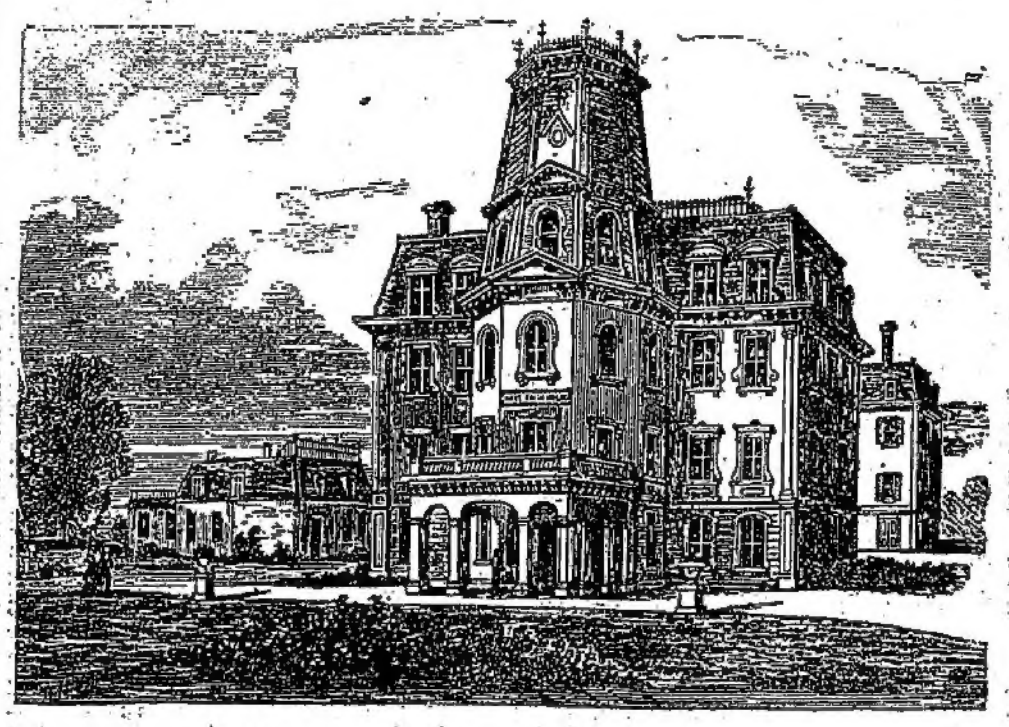
Dr. Cullis was a native of Boston, having been born in that city in 1833. Although surrounded by excellent moral influences in youth he was not naturally of a religious turn of mind. During the years of medical study, he had frequent religious impressions, but these were stifled by contact with the world. It was only after a great sorrow had fallen upon him that he learned to lean upon God, and over the dead body of his young wife, he renounced worldly ambitions and vowed to devote his entire income, over actual necessaries, to works of charity and the spread of the Gospel. His feelings, on reaching this important crisis, are best described in his own language:

"The longing to work for Jesus grew apace and the yearning for purity kept even pace with it. After the Lord began to open my ears to his teachings, he led me sweetly into many things, a step at a time. Two great things must be specially mentioned. First, he unfolded clearly and fully to me the fact that he himself is my righteousness; that in him, not in myself, I have eternal life. He caused me to see that he who believes in the Son of God hath life,—hath life already; whilst he that believeth not in him hath not life, and maketh God a liar because he believeth not the record God hath given to his Son.

"After this I found, however, that I was not saved from fret and worry and impatience. Often a hasty word would escape me, which I would willingly have given my right hand to recall. The fact is, I had not learned yet that Christ must keep me, or I could not be kept. The keeping power of Christ was the second great lesson of the two taught me by the Lord. I knew my need of being kept, but thought at first that it could be met only by a greater vigilance in self-keeping, and a greater firmness of self-reliance and determination; but this failed me. Then I tried prayer for help in self-keeping, but my failures were just as frequent and grievous as ever. Finally, one day, whilst repeating the Lord's prayer, the petition 'keep us from evil' seemed instinct with a significance I had never before apprehended. The evil it refers to, I had always until then supposed to be that which is external to us, and which comes upon us without our choice—accidents, diseases, losses, and the like,—but then I saw it to refer to evil in the heart, evil in the disposition, evil in the spirit. I saw that like the petition, 'Let thy kingdom come,' it related primarily to our inner life, not to our outward circumstances. Then this new light was sealed home to me by the Spirit, in the words, 'For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory for ever and ever. Amen.' I saw that the kingdom within is the Lord's, and the power to set it up and keep it up for ever and ever is his also. Not the helping power to self-keeping, but the keeping power altogether; and when I saw this, I said with all my heart, 'Yea, Lord. Amen, so it is. Hallelujah! Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.'"

Twenty-seven years ago the idea was flashed upon Dr. Cullis of providing for homeless, penniless consumptives. He received it as from God, but leaned to his own understanding to carry it out. (Prov. 3. 5.) His first plan was to have a hospital in Boston, built and sustained by appeals to the princely givers of the New England metropolis, and conducted under the direction of a Board of Managers. It took two years' experience to convince him that this human mode of procedure must be relinquished, and a plan of simple reliance upon God followed out.

At the end of two full years Dr. Cullis



THE CONSUMPTIVES' HOME AT GROVE HALL, BOSTON HIGHLANDS.
(One of the many charities founded by the late Dr. Cullis.)

bought, on mortgage for twenty years, a common dwelling-house in Willard street, one of the low places of Boston, for the comfortable care of twelve sufferers, with a matron and nurse. He dedicated it to God on the 27th of September, 1864, as the consumptives' home. This was the beginning. Dr. Cullis had no money of his own. He was a young physician, and desired this work that he might devote his own surplus earnings to its support, and for the rest ask and receive it all from God. He did not regard the mortgage as debt, because the house itself was security. A second house was added, and soon a third and fourth, the four standing back to back with a space between, which was filled up by a building connecting all as one home.

In due time all these were paid for, and three others were bought—one for a Children's Home, another for a Deaconesses' Home, and a third for a Mission Home and Chapel. Subsequently it became evident that this cluster of homes must have larger space and a better place for expansion and perfection. The Divine Hand that founded and sustained it was not long in pointing out Grove Hall, on Boston Highlands, as the chosen locality for the institution. It contained thirteen acres of ground, overlooking harbor and bay, and was more like a portion of a park, with its grand old trees, than part of a crowded city. It was purchased for $90,000. There are now three clusters of buildings upon it, scattered at regular intervals among the old elm-trees. Centrally, in the first place, with an avenue on each side leading up to it from the road, stands the Grove Hall cluster, consisting of the original hall, four stories high, with its portico-tower and wings, a mansion occupied as the Consumptives' Home, and two new buildings known as the Spinal Home and the Chapel for the Dead. On the right, in another cluster, are, first, Grove Hall church, the mission church for the neighborhood preached in from Sunday to Sunday by Dr. Cullis; and, second, the Deaconesses' Home. A little farther along is the third group, comprising the Children's Cottage Homes, No. 1 and No. 2, with ample room for cottages that are to come. The whole together make up a beautiful little village by itself, while round about the grounds, on all sides, are private residences, each in its own unwalled garden of flowers, shrubs and trees.

Besides this wonderful cluster of homes there are three other branches of the work. There is, first, the Beacon Hill Branch, planted upon another of the high places of the town, within a stone's throw of the famous State House of Massachusetts. It comprises:

1. Willard Tract Repository, now grown from its small beginning thirteen years ago in Willard street, Boston, to be a considerable publishing house, with branches in New York and Philadelphia.

2. Faith Training College, with an efficient corps of professors and a large number of men and women in training for various Christian work.

3. Beacon Hill church, now in its sixth year, with its excellent pastor, Rev. C. Squire.

4. Faith Chapel in and around which the College, the Church, and the Repository are all accommodated.

Another important branch of the work is that of Foreign Missions, begun in 1875, at Basim, in Central India. Still another branch of the work is a Cancer Home in the village of Walpole, fifteen miles from Grove Hall. It was opened in 1878, and has already made much progress. There is also an Orphanage, an Institute, and a Church at Boydton, Va., a Mission at Loveridge, W. Va., and a Chinese Mission at Barker's-field, Cal.

The weight of the world did not oppress Dr. Cullis in the least. He took no anxious thought for to-morrow, though there were many scores of mouths to fill, and a world of work to be done; but he was as playful as a child, ready for a romp with his children the moment he got home, and full of pleasantry all the day long. Every Sunday, when at home, he preached in the morning in Grove Hall Church. Once a week, on Tuesday afternoons, he held a public meeting in Faith Chapel. Often through the week he held meetings in other places; during term time, eight months of the year, he acted as President of the Faith Training College, and lectured once a week to the classes on Christian work; and month by month he edited two monthly papers—the *Times of Refreshing*, for Christians, and another journal for the unconverted, and had the oversight of a large line of publications in the form of books and tracts.

During the twenty-seven years of consecrated labor for Christ, he received nearly $750,000 for the support of the homes, and also for the mission stations at home and abroad. This amount came not from personal solicitation, nor from begging letters, but solely in answer to prayer. In recording this remarkable fact, Dr. Cullis, in his last printed report, declared: "That God's children might be led more perfectly to trust him and to realize that his Word is as true to-day as when our Saviour walked the earth, I make this record. Although I have never received a dollar for my services in connection with the work, yet the Lord has supplied all my needs and those of my family. All the buildings have been kept from fire, and we have no insurance. Our workers have been sent of the Lord.

Our Deaconesses take the same position as I do, receiving no salary."

Dr. Cullis's experiences during his long life of usefulness are set forth in a book entitled, *Have Faith in God; twenty years of blessing in answer to prayer*—which is issued by the Willard Tract Depository, No. 239 4th Ave., New York, and which abounds in striking illustrations of the power and influence of a personal faith.

AT NIAGARA.

Away, in company with this brave little warrior, we found ourselves, next day, by the great Falls—looking at them first from the Canadian side, then from the American; going below to gaze up into the face of the volume of rushing water that beat upon the rocks beneath, damping with its blinding spray our clothes, but not our zeal: standing on the spidery-looking bridges to watch the tearing of the wild rapids beneath; leaning over the parapet of the overhanging cliff, with the words singing themselves in our hearts, "A fountain ever springing"—and much beside.

One could only wonder at the majesty of the works of God; wonder at his tender mercies toward poor lesser man; wonder at his forbearance with the petty complaints, follies and arguments of both saints and sinners. The writer sat for a few moments in a little cliff-recess, called "Inspiration Point," and wondered what new inspiration could be taken away from this grandest of all grand sights, either for herself, and the path she treads, or for the folk to whom she may have power to impart some of it. It takes long to write one's thoughts, and after they are written they oft look like milk poured forth and cream left behind. Yet there were inspirations — more than a few. One's soul stretched itself into a bigger conception of the power of its God, the majesty of his works, the almightiness of his arm. One's soul reasoned, with newly-born faith—If God so works the mighty forces in creation, how much more will he not work in us the fulfilment of his own good pleasure! Yet his works, stupendous as they are, are passive in his hands, subject unto his laws, controlled by his directions. Oh, our God, when shall sinful man cease to lift up his arm against thee? When shall he yield unto thee for guidance his poor little misdirected soul? Who says God cannot keep a heart committed entirely unto his care? Try, reader, and see if, when thou hast given unto him the reins of government, he will not rule in righteousness, in equity and in peace! Only thou hast to bear in mind that he will have no co-regent, no other ruler to control the thoughts and desires of thine heart.

If so be that a doubting spirit reads these lines, let me say unto you, with more than the force of mere words—doubt no more! Your God is strong—look at nature and try to understand how strong! Your God is a living God! Behold how he touches with the breath of life all the works of his hands. You are not straitened in him; the old Pentecostal Fire may be yours; the unerring guidance of the Spirit can be yours; the keeping power can be yours; nay, the list is too long to be repeated—"All things are yours," if you are but fully his.—*Blanche B. Cox, of Salvation Army.*

BIBLE HELPS.

"Some people have an idea that teachers and scholars are greatly overhelped. One fervid orator recently said that the audience room in which he was then standing would hardly hold the lesson helps and commentaries on the International Lessons, and that the Bible was simply buried beneath the mass. No, it isn't, by any means. No Bible rests under such an accumulation. The Treasury vaults in Washington are stacked at times with gold and silver, but when put into circulation the average man doesn't get more than enough for his daily needs, and many a one actually dies of poverty. They are only comparatively a few who have access to more than one help, and thousands upon thousands of teachers have no other aid than they can get out of the scholars' lesson leaf or quarterly."—*The Pilgrim Teacher.*

TO SELECT A LIBRARY.

The selection of a library requires much discernment, tact and care. One who has had considerable experience in the work gives six rules which should be scrupulously followed: "(1) That gospel truth, in its application to the heart and life, should be prominent; (2) that every book should be sound in doctrine; (3) that none be admitted that contain partisan politics or objectionable social views; (4) that the literary character of every book should be good—high, if possible; (5) that the catalogue should contain a due proportion of Scripture illustration, of religious history, of religious biography, of fiction, and of didactic works; (6) that there should be books suited to all grades of readers in the Sabbath-schools, primary, intermediate and advanced."

A SECRET OF SUCCESS.

One secret of success in true Sabbath-school teachers is to win the love and confidence of their scholars. This can be done by kind attentions, loving sympathy, judicious tact and good judgment. The result is not attained at once, but usually comes through continuous effort. Sooner or later it is the reward of patient, honest, wise and affectionate teaching. When it is secured, one's control over his pupils becomes easy, while his power to make lasting impressions for good multiplies.

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book).

LESSON II.—OCTOBER 9, 1892.

DORCAS RAISED TO LIFE.—Acts 9: 32-43.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 40-42.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"This woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did."—Acts 9: 36.

HOME READINGS.

M. Acts 9: 21-31.—Saul preaching Christ.
T. Acts 9: 32-43.—Dorcas Raised to Life.
W. Prov. 31: 10-31.—"Let Her own Works Praise Her."
Th. 2 Kings 4: 18-37.—The Shunammite's Son.
F. Matt. 9: 18-38.—Jairus' Daughter.
S. Luke 7: 11-18.—The Widow's Son Raised.
S. John 11: 17-44.—Lazarus Restored.

LESSON PLAN.

I. A Work of Healing. vs. 32 35.
II. A Sore Bereavement. vs. 36-39.
III. A Great Restoration. vs. 40-43.

TIME.—Probably A.D. 40; Caligula emperor of Rome; Marcellus governor of Judea; Herod Agrippa I. king of Galilee and Perea.

PLACES.—Lydda, a city in north-western Judea, twenty-five miles north-west of Jerusalem; Joppa, a seaport on the Mediterranean, ten miles north-west of Lydda.

OPENING WORDS.

The persecution that arose at the martyrdom of Stephen had spent its fury. The scattered church had carried the gospel throughout Palestine. In the season of rest which followed the persecution Peter undertook an apostolic visitation for oversight and instruction. Our lesson to-day tells us of two events that took place during the journey.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

33. *Eneas*—probably a Greek-speaking Jew. 34. *Maketh thee whole*—cureth thee. *Immediately*—with the effort to obey came the strength to obey. 35. *Saron*—Sharon, a fertile plain along the coast north of Joppa. 36. *Tabitha*—Aramaic (the common language of the people) for *Dorcas*, which is Greek. Both names mean "a gazelle," the symbol of beauty. 38. *Nigh to Joppa*—about ten miles distant. 40. *Prayed*—that Jesus, who is the Resurrection and the Life, would restore her. *Arise*—he felt assured that Jesus would cause her to hear his voice and obey his command. 41. *Gave her his hand*—not to help her weakness, for Jesus Christ had made her whole, but in joyful welcome to her renewed life. 43. *It came to pass*—in God's providence, as a part of God's plan.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What good did the Lord bring out of the persecution of the disciples? Where were churches planted? What followed the persecution? What did Peter now do? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. A WORK OF HEALING. vs. 32-35.—To what place did Peter come? Whom did he find there? How did Peter address him? What did Eneas do? What followed this miracle?

II. A SORE BEREAVEMENT. vs. 36-39.—What disciple lived at Joppa? What is said of this woman's life? What sad event took place? For whom did the disciples at Joppa send? What took place on Peter's arrival? Who were special mourners at the death of Dorcas? Why? What did they show to Peter?

III. A GREAT RESTORATION. vs. 40-43.—What did Peter then do? How did he restore Dorcas to life? By whose power was this restoration wrought? What effect had this miracle? With whom did Peter lodge at Joppa?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Jesus gives life and healing to the world.
2. True piety is full of unselfish kindness and charity.
3. The death of the good is a loss to the living.
4. Women have a work to do for Christ and his people.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Whom did Peter find at Lydda? Ans. A man named Eneas, who had been sick of the palsy for eight years.
2. What did he say to him? Ans. Eneas, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole; arise, make thy bed.
3. What followed this command? Ans. Eneas was healed, and rose up immediately.
4. What was the character of Dorcas? Ans. She was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did.
5. How did Peter restore her to life? Ans. He prayed, and then said, Tabitha, arise. And she opened her eyes, and sat up.

LESSON III.—OCTOBER 16, 1892.

PETER'S VISION.—Acts 10: 1-20.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 1-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons."—Acts 10: 34.

HOME READINGS.

M. Acts 10: 1-20.—Peter's Vision.
T. Deut. 14: 1-20.—Meats Clean and Unclean.
W. Isaiah 11: 1-16.—"To it Shall the Gentiles Seek."
Th. Luke 2: 25-35.—"A Light to Lighten the Gentiles.
F. Mark 7: 24-30.—A Gentile Woman's Faith.
S. Luke 7: 1-10.—A Centurion's Faith.
S. Psalm 55: 16-23.—Noonday Prayer.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Peter Chosen. vs. 1-8.
II. Peter Instructed. vs. 9-16.
III. Peter called. vs. 17-20.

TIME.—A.D. 40; Caligula emperor of Rome; Marcellus governor of Judea; Herod Agrippa I. king of Galilee and Perea.

PLACES.—Cæsarea, the Roman capital of Judea, on the Mediterranean Sea, forty-seven miles north-west of Jerusalem; Joppa, a sea-port of the Mediterranean, thirty-five miles south of Cæsarea.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *Centurion*—captain of one hundred soldiers. *Italian band*—so called because the soldiers were Italians. 2. *Devout*—a sincere worshipper of the one God, though not a proselyte to the Jewish religion. 4. *Memorial*—remembered, noticed with approval. 9. *Housetop*—the flat roof, frequently used for sleeping, meditation and devotion. *Sixth hour*—twelve o'clock, with many one of the stated hours of prayer. Ps. 55: 17; Dan. 6: 10. 10. *Trance*—insensible to external objects, and absorbed in what was presented to his mind. 12. *All manner*—clean and unclean alike. 13. *Kill and eat*—any one, without distinction of clean and unclean. 14. *Common*—not set apart as pure. 15. *Hath cleansed*—declared no longer unclean for food. Under this symbol the abolition of the Jewish distinction of clean and unclean meats is signified, and Peter is taught that he should no longer look upon any man as unclean or "common" because he was not a Jew. 16. *Thrice*—to make a deeper impression on Peter's mind. 19. *The Spirit*—the Holy Spirit. 20. *Doubting nothing*—as to the lawfulness of so doing.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. PETER CHOSEN. vs. 1-8.—Who was Cornelius? Where did he live? What kind of a man was he? What is said of his prayers? Who appeared to Cornelius? How was he affected by the vision? What was he directed to do? What was promised him? How did he show his faith and obedience?

II. PETER INSTRUCTED. vs. 9-16.—Where was Peter at this time? How long would it take the messengers to reach him? At what time did they arrive? What was Peter doing at this hour? Describe his vision? What was it intended to teach him?

III. PETER CALLED. vs. 17-20.—What was the impression made upon Peter? What then took place? What did the messengers ask? What direction did the Spirit give to Peter?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. The Lord reveals himself to all people, in all countries, if they seek after him.
2. God will send greater light and privilege to those who improve what they have.
3. The coming of Christ fulfilled and abolished the ceremonial law.
4. God prepares his servants for special duties by special means.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Who was Cornelius? Ans. A Roman centurion at Cæsarea.
2. What kind of a man was he? Ans. He was devout, God-fearing, benevolent and prayerful.
3. How did God answer his prayer? Ans. By a vision, bidding him to send for Peter, who would tell him what to do.
4. How was Peter prepared for the message? Ans. By a vision showing him that God is no respecter of persons.
5. What did God command Peter to do when the messengers arrived? Ans. Arise, and go with them, doubting nothing; for I have sent them.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HOME TRAINING IN MONEY MATTERS.

Every year money becomes a more formidable factor in the problem of human existence, notwithstanding the efforts of our scholars to discover its true relationship. It is a question whether that relationship can be discovered so long as boys and girls are allowed to grow to manhood and womanhood with so little practical knowledge of the worth of money. It seems as if parents were more negligent than they should be in their teaching on that subject.

In this city there is a child of eight years who, since he was a year old, has had a weekly allowance, every penny of which is put into a little bank bought for the purpose. When the bank is full, the money is transferred to the city bank.

After each deposit the boy is allowed to hold his bank-book a little while, and try to add the different amounts with which he is credited. He is never allowed to draw one penny from the bank; but is taught that it must accumulate until there is enough for some great purpose. Once he wished to take out a little to buy a pair of stockings for a poor boy, but was soon convinced of his folly. On Sunday he is given a penny to put into the mite-box at Sunday-school, but that penny represents no generosity on his part. He is simply learning, from day to day, to hoard money, to count it, to give a little if he can without inconvenience. It is hoped that he will one day be a capitalist. Very likely he will be; but will his home training fit him to help make the money-factor less formidable?

Not far from him live two little girls, daughters of parents fairly well-to-do. It would surprise the entire family should they be told just how much these little girls spend in a year. They tease papa for five or ten cents, as may be, and are seldom refused when they are persistent. The money is spent for trifles, and in two days could not be accounted for by themselves or anyone else. Money to them represents the means with which to gratify a passing whim; the more they have the more whims may be gratified, therefore, it is wise to secure as much as possible, by teasing or smiling or crying or whatever method they have found most effectual.

All over the country are children who do not have a dollar a year to call their own. Were one of these children to be given twenty-five cents to do as he pleased, there is one chance in ten that he might spend it wisely. The parents of many of these children are not very poor; but they think they have no money to waste, and they do not see that money given to a child need not be wasted.

Young people's habits are matters of education. The child should be early instructed in the practice of economy, by precept, and by experience. At the same time he should be taught the difference between economy and penuriousness.

There is no better way to teach a child how to use money than to give him a regular allowance out of which he must buy whatever he needs. If he buys what he does not need he should be required to do without that for which his money should have been spent. He should not be given an allowance for all his needs at first; but all that could be spent in one direction, adding to it as he gave proof of his responsibility.

Where it is not practicable to make the child an allowance, he should at least be permitted to earn his own spending money. Hire him to do something, if it is nothing more than to keep the woodbox filled, and whatever his task, be sure you do not pay him until he had done it well. It is much wiser to spend money in teaching the children how to earn it and how to use it wisely than to lay it up for them to spend after you are gone.

With his first little lessons in arithmetic the child should be taught how to keep his accounts. This may be begun even before he has learned to read or write. He will be wonderfully proud of the little account book in which all his expenditures are noted, and will very soon become business-like in his habits. To be sure this will make little extra work for the parents; but they will have the satisfaction of knowing that their child is acquiring one of the most useful of habits. He soon learns not to spend money in a way he do is not care to mention knowing that a satisfactory account must be given to his parents should he not be able to balance his books properly, and he is less apt to spend his money foolishly when the account stares him in the face week after week.

Children should be taught to save a little out of each payment of their allowance, but that it must be saved through self-denial, not at the expense of honesty, charity or generosity. If they are to be honorable, charitable, or generous when grown to manhood or womanhood they must be so now. Above all things they should be taught that money is not to be prized as an end, but as a means; that it is valuable only for what it will procure; that it can not be good or evil, but will help them to carry out the good or evil which lies in their own hearts. Another necessary lesson for them to learn is the value of good management, for in that lies the surest guide to competence. Millionnaires have become paupers through bad management. One having no knowledge of the art of management is followed by failure and unhappiness. Some are born with a gift of good management, but it may be cultivated in those who do not have it naturally, and the work cannot be begun at too early an age.—*Housekeeper.*

PROPER TRAINING FOR GIRLS.

Staying at home as usual, and at work, while the girls are off on excursions, and boat rides, and botanizing expeditions, and showing at garden parties, and festivals of all sorts!

What folly, not only for you, but for them! but must they have some recreation? Certainly, and so must you. Now just stop and consider that it is not a kindness to bring them up in this way.

Life is a very earnest and practical affair, and trying to make it up out of picnics and festivals and jollities would be very much like trying to make a meal out of whipped cream. It would be neither sensible nor healthful. No girl should go out more than twice during a week, and not then if by so doing she neglects the most important branches of her education—a knowledge of household affairs and how to do in the most practical and easy way the duties that she must naturally expect will fall to her lot.

It is almost a crime for you to allow your girls to waste their hours in such a fashion. Perhaps they are having a good time, but some day they may say to themselves: "Oh, dear, how I wish mother had taught me something useful and sensible." And then the botany and the music, the dresses and the feasts and festivities will be remembered with regret, perhaps vexation and fault-finding.

Did you ever know a woman to regret that she knew how to do exquisitely fine needlework or plain sewing, to bake light, wholesome bread, or make delicious pies or cakes? Did you ever know one who was ashamed of her skill in pickling and preserving, or who was unwilling to admit that she could arrange a table, order a course dinner, and, if need be, do the carving herself? No, indeed; but many a woman has spent years in trying to acquire the knowledge of household affairs of which she should have been mistress before she was fairly in long dresses.

The mother who fails to instruct her daughter in such branches defrauds her of woman's best right, the right to a knowledge of how to make a home. Perhaps only a home for herself, but, oh, how pretty and pleasant it can be if the tact, the skill, the grace of the trained hand and eye and taste are there to bring it into perfect symmetry.

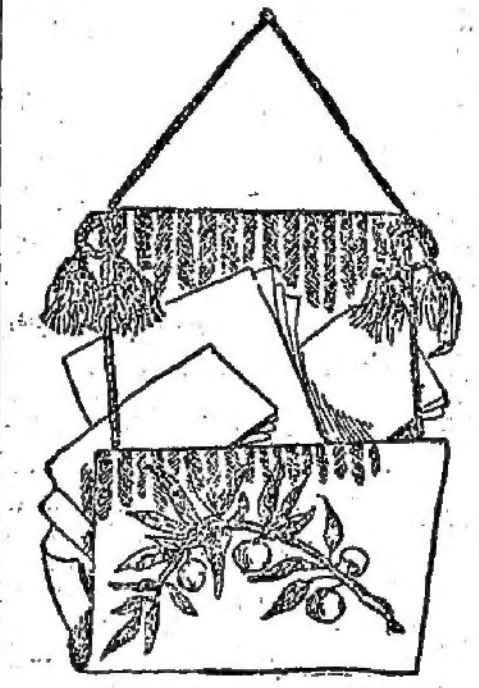
In this day and age women must learn more than household service, but that she should be taught as she learns her alphabet. She is never too young to learn, but really, as far as practical purposes are concerned, she is sometimes too old to learn. Habits of neatness, thrift, order and economy should be among the first lessons of life. Girls should never know that there is such a thing as habitual disorder. Comfortable system and well-considered prudence are among the gifts and graces that go to make up the useful and beautiful woman. A careless woman can never be wholly attractive. The eye rests at once upon some evidence of untidiness and the charm is destroyed. Girls, and boys, too, for that matter, should have the importance of personal tidiness and neatness early impressed upon them.

And not only is this imperative, but order and system in business affairs is of the utmost importance. How long would a merchant do business, think you, if he put his accounts down on some loose scrap of paper or on the wall, or undertook to carry them in his head? The idea seems preposterous, but is no more so than many of the prevailing notions on the subject of housekeeping.

There is really no royal road either to domestic or business success. Only hard work and steady, plodding industry can make a perfect housekeeper or a capable business man. And household affairs do not take long to learn, after all, if one only begins early and grows into it naturally. Such lessons should be learned by all girls, whether rich or poor, and, with them, every practical lesson and accomplishment that time, strength and circumstances will permit.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

NEWSPAPER HOLDER.

The question of a place for stray magazines and papers is often a perplexing one. This simple device makes a very pretty ornament for the sitting room, while the capacity for holding papers is quite surprising. Of a good, firm quality of white matting cut a piece 40x18 inches; also get 78 inches of new clothes-line. Turn back a 3-inch hem at the top of the canvas and catch lightly, taking care not to prick through. For the pocket turn up 13 inches at the bottom, allowing 3 inches for hem at the top. Cut off 14 inches of rope and sew the ends firmly to the hem of the



Matting Newspaper Holder.

pocket about an inch from each edge. Cut the remainder of the rope in half and fringe the ends for about 7 inches. Make two loose knots and fasten to the upper corners of the holder. Upon the face of the pocket paint some pretty design. Flowers are the most effective. A very pretty design can be painted from a bunch of nasturtium flowers gathered fresh from the garden. Sunflowers also make a very pretty decoration.—*Orange Judd Farmer.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

Baked Indian Pudding.—Scald one quart of milk in double kettle, add three tablespoonfuls of sifted Indian meal, letting it run through your fingers slowly and stirring with the other hand. Let it cook ten minutes, then add two spoonfuls of butter and take out of kettle. Grease a two quart basin or pudding dish and pour it in. When cool enough add three eggs, beaten with four tablespoonfuls of sugar, a quarter of a teaspoonful of ginger and a little salt. Mix all well and bake one and a quarter hour.

Escalloped Oysters.—Two quarts of oysters, half a cupful of butter, half a cupful of cream or milk, four teaspoonfuls of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, two quarts of stale bread crumbs. Butter a deep pudding dish; put a layer of crumbs, then a layer of oysters, and small dots of butter here and there. Continue these alternate layers until the dish is full. Season and moisten with milk or cream, or equal parts of oyster liquor, milk and water. The last layer should be of crumbs and butter. If two quarts are used, it ought to bake at least forty-five minutes or an hour. Watch carefully, though, and even though the stated time has not elapsed, take it from the oven if there seems any danger of the oysters becoming shrivelled and tough. The oven should be hot.

Potato and Celery Stew.—Pare six or eight medium-sized potatoes and cut into pieces—about one inch cubes. Soak in cold water for an hour. Wash the stalks of one bunch of celery and cut into slices about one-fourth of an inch thick. Slice a small onion very fine. Put the celery and onion into one quart of boiling, salted water; ten minutes later add the potatoes, and cook till the whole is tender—about twenty minutes longer. If the water boils out fast, add a little more boiling water, taking care not to let the mixture stick. Have ready one quart of milk made hot, but not boiling. Put one large tablespoonful of butter in a small saucepan and melt, adding to it one heaping teaspoonful of flour; mix thoroughly, but do not brown. Stir this into the stew and season well with salt and pepper. Remove from the fire, add the hot milk, and lastly two well-beaten eggs, stirring quickly, so as not to let the eggs curdle. Serve at once with the best oyster crackers.

PUZZLES NO. 19.

DROPPED LETTERS.

1. Drop a letter from rejoiced, and leave abstained from food partially or wholly; again, and leave doomed.
2. Drop a letter from vaunted, and leave beaten with a stick; again, and leave diminished.
3. Drop a letter from sea affairs, and leave one of the United States; again, and leave the long, coarse hair which hangs down on the necks of horses and some other animals.
4. Drop a letter from the string of a musical instrument, and leave a small rope; again, and leave a kind of fish.
5. Drop a letter from a tire, and leave that which is pledged; again, and leave final cause.
6. Drop a letter from a graver, and leave a Scotch brook; again, and leave a kind of sweet bread.

CHARADE.

My *first* is a vowel.
My *second* is a number.
My *third* is part of a window.
My *whole* is used in a kitchen.

Julia E. Boone.

Numerical Enigma.

I am part of a verse in Isaiah and have 28 letters.
My 19, 20, 3, 7, 16, 25, 11 spell the name of a noted Philistine.
My 9, 21, 25, 15, 22, 26 a beautiful queen.
My 15, 12, 23, 17, 5, 21 a treasure house.
My 4, 7, 22, 18 a mocker.
My 13, 2, 7, 1, 10 a great prophet, expected to reappear by the Jews.
My 14, 7, 6, 27, 25, 9 a man of weak will.
My 8 and 28 are consonants.

A HIDDEN BOUQUET.

Fill each blank with the name of a flower or plant concealed in the sentence:

1. Gayly blooming in two old tin pans I espied some choice ——.
2. How can there ever be names enough invented for all the varieties of ——?
3. Can costly jewel or chiseled marble rival the beauty of the ——?
4. I hope on your parterre you sometimes allow an old-fashioned ——.
5. I wandered o'er "a stern rock-bound coast" gay with ——.
6. In spring we search far and near, but usually with little success, for the beautiful ——.
7. Stretched on the hill I lie scenting the fragrance of the ——.
8. That tall and stately plant I call a ——.
9. Be off! Or get me nothing but a ——.
10. Let us stop in kind old Betsy's yard for an old-fashioned ——.
11. Nancy, press vinegar on your aching brow instead of a wreath of ——.
12. "Upidee-i-dee-i-da" is your favorite flower a ——!
13. At sight of the bushes I cried in ecstasy. "Ring at the door, and ask if we may pick some ——."
14. Fading leaf by leaf over fewer and fewer, soon shall we see no more our pretty little ——.
15. Truly, all I lack in my garden is another bush of ——.
16. Aunt Sue says Uncle Mat is covering the trellis with ——.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead to frown, and leave a monk's hood; again, and leave a bird. 2. Behead an outside covering, and leave relatives; behead again, and leave a preposition; again, and leave a consonant. 3. Behead to defraud, and leave to make hot; behead again, and leave to masticate; again, and leave a preposition; again, and leave a consonant. 4. Behead a water bird, and leave a pale or sickly hue; again, and leave an article. 5. Behead a weapon, and leave a fruit; again, and leave part of the body. 6. Behead a mark, and leave to run swiftly. 7. Behead to steal away, and leave part of a chain; again, and leave a black fluid.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES No. 18.

Enigma.—*Northern Messenger.*

Charade.—1. Will. 2. Low. 3. Ling. 4. Erring.

Bible Questions.—
1. Samson.—Judges 14. 6.
   David.—I Samuel 17. 35.
   Benaiah.—II Samuel 23. 20.
2. Green.—Gen. 1. 30.
3. Abraham.—Gen. 17. 17.
4. Moses.—Ex. 4. 10.
5. Hannah.—I Samuel 1. 11.

Progressive Enigma.—Asp, spa, spar, par, part, rag, Gus asparagus.

Geographical Guesswhat.—Miss Virginia Jackson and her Twin brother James were invited out one afternoon to a birthday party. For a birthday present, Virginia took along a Blue China rose jar, while her brother carried a Silver-handled umbrella. After they had played London Bridge, Going to Jerusalem, and other games, they were called out to supper.

On the table were plates of Saratoga chips, Rye bread with caraway seeds, Oyster patties, and a dish of Turkey salad. A tongue Sandwich, tied with tiny Yellow ribbon, was placed at each plate. Next came Orange jelly, served in cunning baskets, tied with Red ribbon, Raisin cake, White grapes, and Norfolk cream.

When supper was over it was late, so they went home at once, saying Farewell with regret.

The Family Circle.

SERMON BY A BEE.

Good-morning, dear friends! I'm a clever young bee,
And a sermon I'll preach if you'll listen to me;
It will not be long and it will not be dry,
And your own common sense my remarks may apply.

Not slothful in business must be the first head,
For with vigor we work till the sun goes to bed;
And unless one is willing to put forth one's powers
There is no getting on in a world such as ours.

We are fond of our dwellings, no gossips are we,
No gadders about idle neighbors to see;
And though we are forced for our honey to roam,
We come back as soon as we can to our home.

"The way to be happy and wealthy and wise
Is early to rest and early to rise."
This proverb has moulded our conduct for years,
And we never sleep when the daylight appears.

If you were to peep in our hives you would own
That as models of cleanliness they might be shown;
All dust and dirt, without any delay,
Are swept from our door, and soon carried away.

Ventilation most through our domiciles share,
So no one need teach us the worth of fresh air;
For we could not live, as we've heard people do,
In close rooms where no health-giving breeze can pass through.

When one of our number is sick or distressed
He is sure of kind treatment from each of the rest;
We sympathize warmly with those who're in grief,
And are eager to proffer immediate relief.

We carry our stings, not on any pretence
For aggressive attack, but in self-defence:
We meddle with no one, and only repel
Assailants who will not in peace with us dwell.

Now my sermon is ended, and you, if you please,
Some hints may derive from us hard-working bees;
May your life be as useful, your labors as sweet,
And may you have plenty of honey to eat!

—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE BEECHVILLE PRAISE-MEETING.

The Home and Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church of Beechville said it would have a praise-meeting. If the Browning Club or the Literary Circle had proposed to have a praise-meeting, it would not have seemed strange, but this missionary society was one of the smallest you ever heard of. It had only about as many members as it had words in its name, though it was organized nearly three years before these things of which I tell you took place.

The January meeting was at Mrs. Barton's, and six ladies were present, one of them the bright little wife of the new pastor, the Rev. John Dorsey. I suppose she had discovered, during the few months of her residence in the town, what a frail creature was the Beechville Missionary Society, and decided to try some means for putting life into it. She was not president, but had kindly assisted in preparing for the monthly meetings by sending missionary magazines to the president, marking articles to be read, etc. At this January meeting, after the usual exercises were over, Mrs. Dorsey said: "Couldn't we hold a praise-meeting? I have a letter from a friend who tells me they are to do so in the society to which she belongs, and she sent me their invitation card." As she spoke she handed the card to Mrs. Allen, the president. "Perhaps," Mrs. Dorsey continued, "we could in this way create more interest in the work." Well, no one raised any objection, but Mrs. Dorsey could see the proposition was not received with enthusiasm.

"What could be done to make such a meeting interesting?" ventured Mrs. Allen. "There are so few of us, and usually persons do not care much for missionary meetings, do you think so?"

"Oh, I think we could make the meeting interesting. We could make the gathering of the mite-boxes one feature of the exercises."

Then they began to remember how few boxes had been given out. One lady spoke of that, but added: "Perhaps we could give out more."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Dorsey; "we can each take some home with us to-day and make an effort to dispose of them immediately."

The next afternoon little Mrs. Allen called on Mrs. Dorsey to talk over this formidable matter of a public praise-meeting. Again she asked: "What can we do to make the meeting interesting?"

She was so worried because, you know, she was the president, and she was a woman who liked to know what she was about.

"I have something nice to tell you. We can have our meeting Easter evening in the church. Mr. Dorsey himself suggested it," said Mrs. Dorsey.

"But what shall we do?" Mrs. Allen gasped; "I do not see my way clear in this matter."

"Well, we must talk it over," said Mrs. Dorsey. "Let us do so now, and decide what will be needed. Of course, we can ask the choir to sing, not only the hymns we may select, but an anthem. Then, is there not some lady who would read extracts from the "Crisis of Missions," that is so inspiring; or better still, prepare a paper, gathering facts and ideas from the book?"

Mrs. Allen thought a moment. "I know Mrs. Barton sometimes does such work in the Literary Circle."

"She is just the one, then," said Mrs. Dorsey. "We have Dr. Pierson's book, and I will give it to you now, so you can hand it to her; that is, if she consents to do the work."

"I think she will do it," said Mrs. Allen, beginning to feel encouraged.

Mrs. Dorsey took pencil and paper, saying: "Perhaps we might begin now to arrange a programme. I suppose we should begin with singing. We can select the hymns later." So she wrote "Hymn, prayer, hymn."

"Now should follow a chapter from the Bible, should it not?" said Mrs. Dorsey.

"Why not a reading from our book of 'Responsive Scripture Selections?" said Mrs. Allen.

"Oh, yes, of course," said Mrs. Dorsey; "that would be better." "Now," she continued, "the president ought to make a little talk just here to introduce the meeting as a praise-meeting."

Mrs. Allen hesitated a moment. "Well, I will do my part as well as I can; go on."

Let me say here she did do her part, and did it well, too. They were interrupted now, and the matter was dropped until another day. Dropped from their hands, but not from their hearts.

When they met again Mrs. Dorsey was eager to tell Mrs. Allen of her new idea in connection with the praise-meeting: "I found such pretty missionary verses in one of our papers; how would it do to have them recited by one of the children?"

"That would be nice," said Mrs. Allen; "we could ask a little girl from the 'Penny a Week Society.'" So they decided to ask Winnie Monroe, a little girl living next door to Mrs. Dorsey, and Mrs. Dorsey was to teach her the verses.

Now there were three places on the programme filled, for Mrs. Barton had consented to write a paper, Mrs. Allen would say something, and, of course, Winnie would recite the verses, for children always do what is asked of them in such matters. They never say: "Oh, ask Jennie Finney or Nellie Wylie; they can do it so much better than I can." Yes, they felt sure of Winnie. So it really began to look as if there would be a praise-meeting. I should have told you the members had been earnest in disposing of the mite-boxes, explaining that they were to be returned for the praise-meeting in March; and would they please remember to put in a text, as the texts were to be read in the meeting?

About two weeks before Easter Mrs. Dorsey invited two of the young girls to come to her house in the afternoon and help her about some work. The girls were always ready to help Mrs. Dorsey; so bright and sunny was she, they felt it a pleasure to be with her.

"Now, girls," she said, "here are the invitations to the missionary praise-meeting. Mr. Dorsey has run them off on the mimeograph, and they are to be put in envelopes and addressed to each woman in the church."

One of the girls read the card:

"Dear Sister: The Woman's Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church closes its year with March, and will hold a praise service Sabbath evening, March 29. You are invited to come and bring your offering or mite-box, together with a Scripture text."

"Well, this means business," she said; "I didn't know we had a Woman's Missionary Society here."

"Why, Margaret, you hear the notice of their monthly meetings read in the church."

"Oh, yes," laughed Margaret; "but I thought that was a little form; I didn't know that it meant anything in particular. But now I say, Good for the Missionary Society. Come, Florence, we'll help this enterprising organization." And they went to work.

The next Sunday morning many of the envelopes were distributed, and during the week the remainder were delivered by the hands of young girls willing to undertake the work. Mr. Dorsey announced from the pulpit that the Woman's Missionary Society would hold a praise-meeting the next Sunday evening, and all were invited to come, as the exercises would be interesting. Poor Mrs. Allen, her dear little heart beat when she heard that, for she was not quite sure yet they would really be able to make an interesting or pleasant evening. But Wednesday she was to see Mrs. Dorsey again, and she began to feel that Mrs. Dorsey knew what to do, if she did not.

"Now," said Mrs. Dorsey, when they met, "we must write out our programme and make a note of each thing to be attended to." So they began.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Allen, "Mr. Dorsey will make the opening prayer."

But Mrs. Dorsey said: No; he thought the ladies had better take the entire charge of the meeting, and he would sit with the choir."

Mrs. Allen had before suggested that there should be a little account of the "Penny a week" read by one of its members, and this had been arranged. I cannot tell you all the talk, but here is the programme: Hymn; prayer; hymn; remarks by president; offering; "Our Society," by secretary; "Crisis of Missions;" anthem; reading of texts; recitation; the "Penny a week"; hymn; prayer; doxology; benediction. You see, the secretary was to make a little talk about the society, tell how its meetings were conducted, speak of the magazines taken, and invite every woman in the church to become a member.

"Now," said Mrs. Dorsey, "we can ask some of the young girls to take the offering, and they can carry the baskets into the lecture-room, and we will ask two or three persons to be there to count the money and hand the texts to the ladies who are to read them."

So everything was arranged, and the next Sunday morning two gentlemen stood at the door as the congregation dispersed and gave out the programmes. Now, how do you suppose Mrs. Allen felt, and the other ladies who were to take part in the meeting? The little children did not feel anxious. Oh, no, it was only the grown-up knees that trembled and the grown-up hearts that fluttered. Well, the church was crowded. I think persons wished to see what that little missionary society would do, anyhow.

Well, let me tell you they had a nice meeting. The congregation was so quiet everyone could hear the low, sweet voice of Mrs. Allen as she led the responsive reading and announced the programme. Mrs. Barton's heart-fluttering quieted the moment she stood up to read, and the secretary did her part nicely. The text reading was an inspiration, and the little girls did well. The evening was a precious and helpful one to all.

Please don't fail to have a praise-meeting next March. Beechville is to have another especially as the entire offering for the evening was about twenty dollars. Perhaps you think this is not a true story. Ask Mrs. Dorsey.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

HER CHEQUE.

An invalid lady who tried earning her living as an authoress, at length became discouraged through competition, and thought she would have to give up. As she retired at night, she lay awake for some time pondering over their scantiness of funds, and in this gloomy condition she fell asleep, to dream that a lady missionary came to her and said:

"I think we shall have to wait until we pass beyond to fully estimate the good your missionary stories have done. They have already been instrumental in adding many dollars to our funds, and still their influence is growing wider."

Then the missionary handed the lady's husband a letter and departed.

"Why this is a cheque," he said, as he opened the letter.

"It is unlike any other cheque I ever had," the lady replied; "it is so much larger."

"Yes, it is unlike any you ever saw. It is a cheque on the Bank of Heaven. It says you can only draw what is really needed; yet you can get all you do need, be it little or much."

Through surprise the lady awoke, such sweet peace took possession of her soul as she realized what a rich Father she had. Why had she been afraid to trust him? Now she would go on, and when necessary to have anything, present her cheque on the bank of heaven.

Dear Christian readers, we all have cheques on that same bank. Do we fully realize it? Our Father will "freely give us all things." "All things" must mean the supplying of our temporal as well as spiritual needs. Christ was human as well as divine, and knew the pangs of hunger, and had "not where to lay his head." "Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven," and the necessary things shall be added. "Having done all stand fast." Stand fast in what? God's promises. This is faith.

If Christians only would live up to their privileges—this precious trusting in all things! We have the same God to-day who fed Elijah, and made the meat and oil to last; the same Christ who multiplied the barley loaves. Our men of wealth, handle their bonds and cheques, sitting down with complacency and at their ease; yet their riches may take to themselves wings, and flee away. These cheques on the Bank of Heaven are sure. That bank has never failed, neither have its funds depreciated; they are above par every time.

"The cattle upon a thousand hills are His. The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." Come, ye children of a King, and draw upon the bank; your Father is rich.

AN EXPERIENCE.

John Paton gives a very remarkable account of a journey during the night through some hostile tribes in Tanna. So dense was the darkness that at a certain point where he had to descend from the top of the cliffs to the shore, he could not find the path. He says: "I feared that I might stumble over and be killed, or, if I delayed till daylight, that the savages would kill me. I knew that one part of the rock was steep-sloping, with little growth or none thereon, and I searched about to find it, resolved to commend myself to Jesus and slide down. Feeling sure I had found this spot, I hurled down several stones, but the distance was too far for me to hear or judge. At high tide the sea there was deep; but at low tide I could wade out of it and escape. First, I fastened all my clothes tightly so as not to catch on anything; then I lay down at the top on my back, feet foremost, holding my head downwards on my breast to keep it from striking on the rock; then, after one cry to my Saviour, I at last let go, throwing my arms forward and trying to keep my feet well up. A giddy swirl, as if flying through the air, took possession of me; a few minutes seemed an age; I rushed quickly down, and felt no obstruction till my feet struck into the sea below. It was low tide, I had received no injury, and, wading through, I found the rest of the way easier. When the natives heard next day how I had come all the way in the dark, they exclaimed: "Surely any of us would have been killed! Your Jehovah God alone thus protects you, and brings you safely home."

THE LATE MRS. BARBOUR, OF BONSKEID.

With the death of Mrs. Barbour of Bonskeid a great religious centre has been removed from Scotland. For more than a generation her house has been the home of evangelism, philanthropy, and Christian Missions. No good thing that went on in the country or in the world failed to find from her and her family a sympathetic support, and not the humblest of the visitors who passed in endless stream through Bonskeid, or the winter home in Edinburgh, ever left Mrs. Barbour's presence without carrying away some new belief in the power of a Christian faith and a fresh inspiration for their work. When waning health compelled her latterly, and especially since the death of her eldest son, to live a more retired life, the graces of her generosity and hospitality continued to find expression in forms as large and beautiful as they were original. When the end came, she did not know it. Her death took place in Edinburgh, after a few unconscious hours of illness, on Friday, Feb. 5, when in her sixty-ninth year.

When times of blessing were passing over the land, there was no one more alive to all the movements, and her graphic pen had the power to make readers feel as if they had been present at the meetings she described. Many will be glad to see the portrait and to know something of the history of the writer who often helped them almost to gaze upon the evangelists and their audiences, to hear the telling points of their addresses, and to witness the thrilling incidents of the after-meetings that came under her own notice in those revival times.

Those who have read her published works, indeed, have already made some personal acquaintance with her; for in all of them she gave glimpses into her own life. Especially is this true of her first book, "The Way Home," and the latest, her "Life of Mrs. Stewart Sandeman." This last unfolds a genealogy embracing names of high renown in Scottish history, and, better still, reveals the happy influences of a Christian home, and the prevailing power of a saintly woman's prayer. It lets us see Margaret, born on March 24, 1823, and six brothers younger than herself, all trained to know the Scriptures, to keep the Sabbath, and to honor the godly. Three of the brothers died before their sister grew up to be active in the service of Christ; and a biography of David, who died as a missionary in China, was written by Dr. Andrew Bonar.

Before she was well into her teens, Miss Sandeman began to exercise her gifts as a teacher among the children from the cottages around her father's home at Springland, in the neighborhood of Perth. In the garden tower, on the banks of the Tay, she gathered a company of little ones day by day from ten to one o'clock, giving them all the rudiments of an ordinary education as faithfully and diligently as any paid schoolmistress, and gaining, as her reward, such insight into young hearts, and such skill in winning their interest and affection, as can only be attained by teachers of the highest type. Two of the brightest of the scholars, after long years of faithful service with her mother, were privileged to minister to her own comfort in later years.

Two of the years most important in her development were spent in the companionship of her grand-aunt, Lady Nairne. That sweet singer of "the Land o' the Leal" had just lost her only son, the last of his race, at the age of twenty-nine; and it was thought well that, besides her sister and niece, who had been with her for some time, she should also have as a companion the grand-niece, aged fifteen, whose presence would have no association with her heart-breaking sorrow. How these years were passed at Brussels, Munich, the Tyrol, the north of Italy, the south of France, Mrs. Barbour has related in the most interesting pages of "The Life and Songs of the Baroness Nairne," by Dr. Rogers. She came back from that tour not only with expanded intellect and rare linguistic and musical accomplishments, but inspired with interest in what she had seen of some of the Continental churches; and, above all, touched with the tender patience and the brightness of hope that beautified the life of her gifted relative.

She returned to Perth, to find her mother and other Christian friends rejoicing in the revivals at Kilsyth and Dundee, under the preaching of Rev. William Burns. When he came to Perth she attended his services, came under very deep and prolonged conviction of sin, and by-and-by into the sweet liberty of the Gospel. The young convert became one of Mr. Burns' most devoted helpers, and took notes of his addresses, which were afterwards published. From this time onwards her heart's interest centred in the progress of the Kingdom of God. She looked and labored for it in the individuals around her, and did what she could to advance it in her own and other lands.

She was carried for a short time out of the central current of Scottish life when, in 1845, she married Mr. George Freeland Barbour, who, with his elder brother, established the mercantile house in Manchester that bore the brother's name. It was a joy to her to be able to assist her husband in extending the usefulness of the Presbyterian church of England, but it was a still greater joy when Mr. Barbour retired from business, a few years later, and they made their home in the Scottish capital.

It was on one of their journeys to Manchester, that the railway accident occurred in which the two little boys were killed whose story is so touchingly told by their mother in "The Way Home." Written at first for the young widow of her favorite eldest brother, after the book had been printed for private circulation, friends insisted on its publication. It soon sped on a wide mission of comfort to mourners, and of instruction to parents in the training of the young; and mothers named their infants after the Freddy and Georgy, who had swiftly passed from a happy home on earth to the happier home in heaven. Fragments of her own history in the work enable us to understand how, during a residence in Italy, she was drawn to follow the work of the Waldensian church with sympathetic interest, and to forward its enterprise by generous help. They show also something of the beginnings of their association with the China Mission of the English Presbyterian church, which had William Burns for its first missionary, and which found Mr. and Mrs. Barbour among its most loving and liberal supporters to the end of their days.

We have not space even to name the missions at home, such as the Carrubbers' Close Mission, and others abroad, like the McAll Mission in Paris, in which she took a share, sometimes by addressing meetings of women, and always by laboring earnestly in prayer, and giving freely of her means in their behalf. But any notice of her would be incomplete which did not make reference to her quite unique power of winning all kinds of people to see the beauty of her Saviour. From the message-boy calling at the door, to the arch-priest of science in the circle of her acquaintance, all who came within the sphere of her influence felt that she was commissioned by Christ to call out their highest aspirations, and to bring them into converse with their Father in heaven. In the Memoirs of Sir David Brewster and of Sir J. Y. Simpson we can read how she was thus helpful to them at critical moments in their spiritual history, and in many another life, of which the record is kept only in heaven, she rendered the same happy service.

The one outstanding interest of Mrs. Barbour's life, indeed, was the conversion of individuals. She lived literally on the watch for souls. She never gave up any one, never lost heart, never ceased to pray—would wait for years, and plan, and be defeated, and begin again, with a faith which was as devouring as it was joyous. Almost the only gossip that she cared to hear was that people were coming to Christ. Of telling the story of how God led this one and that one she never wearied. She moved amongst providences. God was more real to her than matter. To pray was almost easier than to speak. Notwithstanding this intensity of religion, Mrs. Barbour was almost with equal intensity human. Her womanhood was large; and a broad geniality enriched and enlightened her disposition, making it easy to carry the graver thoughts, which otherwise might have lain heavy on a heart so earnest. So strong, indeed, was this undertone of geniality that a certain playfulness was never far from the surface, even in the more serious passages of her life, and probably the chief impression of her which the visitor carried away was of her triumphant gladness of heart and simple content.

MRS. BARBOUR.

Writing to Mrs. Barbour's daughter, Mrs. Simpson (wife of the well-known professor), the late Principal Cairns said:—

"10 Spence Street, Edinburgh,
"February 8, 1892.

"My dear Mrs. Simpson,—I have, with many others, been much affected by the death of your venerated mother, following so closely the removal of your dear brother. My very last act of contact with her was in thanking her for her generous gift to our students of Dr. Stalker's Yale Lecture, in memory of her son; and now she herself is gone! What a beautiful life now ended, or, rather, let me say, translated. We will not wrong our religion so much as to speak of anything as ended, but imperfection and weakness and the whole burden of the flesh; while all that was pure and loving and saintly has gone to its own centre, and is safe for ever in its own home, and exalted in its own congenial circle. To depart and to be with Christ, is, indeed, far better; though often she may have repeated the Apostle's choice, and desired to abide, as more needful. However, the highest voice has spoken, and in that she has perfectly acquiesced, as we, with whatever deep sense of loss, may be helped also to do. There are not many such to part from in our churches; and to those who stand nearest, it must be a severance not to be repeated.

"How long it is since I first knew her, at her own table, when dear old Isaac Taylor was lecturing here on Hebrew poetry, and I happened to be in from Berwick. The whole scene has been recalled to me, and the friends of that now long-past day. I now regret that in after years I did not meet her oftener, but it was better. She was constant in every Christian work; and it was enough that now and then, in this great whirl of right and useful service, we should come together. Her presence made the atmosphere all around sweeter and more bracing. She was a constant quantity in all the Christian work of this great city.

"It must be a source of trial that your brother is at this time away on that far distant Chinese visit, yet what, after all, could be more consolatory to his own feelings and to yours, when the first shock is over? It is Christ's work, such as is given to few to share in, the making up of what his brother was hindered from carrying out, reminding us of the element of change and sudden alternation that lies in our whole militant state, and brings our life into harmony with that of our Lord. The end will make up for all, and we shall be found to have been all through, if we followed his bidding, in the right place and at the right time.

"May I ask you, my dear Mrs. Simpson, to remember me very kindly to your husband, and to Dr. and Mrs. Whyte, and to your lately bereaved sister-in-law, and also to Dr. and Mrs. Barbour? May a rich blessing come to all with such a sorrow, and turn its shadow into the morning,—I am, my dear Mrs. Simpson, very sincerely yours, "John Cairns."

—*The Christian.*

A PRECIOUS HYMN.

A poor mill-girl in Belfast, who, by reason of the burden of her sins, had for a considerable time walked mournfully before the Lord, was met one day, coming from the factory, by a Christian minister, to whom her anxiety was known.

Now her countenance was illuminated, her step was blithe, and the refrain of a sacred song was lingering in joyful notes upon her lips. A wonderful change had been inwardly wrought, and but few words were necessary to explain the open secret.

In response to the inquiry, "How did this happiness come?" she thrust her hand into her bosom and, from among the folds of her dress, produced a torn fragment of soiled paper, exclaiming—"Oh, sir, it was so easy! You'll find it in this."

On taking the paper from her hand, it was found to contain this verse of Charlotte Elliott's familiar and precious hymn—

"Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come."

—*Friendly Greetings.*

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

There are those who are moved from their own steadfastness because they find so little interest and co-operation in their work. Many Sunday-school teachers have abandoned teaching because of the lack of sympathy in the church. Those who ought to share the burden left them to bear it alone, and they grew weary under the load. The indifference and unconcern which many exhibit with regard to the interests of a church, and their withholding of help in the various ways in which they could render it, often dishearten the most willing worker.—*Christian Inquirer.*

FRIDAY.

BY FRANCES.

CHAPTER VI.—*(Continued.)*

"In John Fox the boatswain showed himself valiant above the rest, till a shot broke his whistle and smote him on the breast, and then he fell down, bidding them farewell, and to be of good comfort. And when the other prisoners stole the Turks' treasure, John Fox the gunner would not touch one piece, for the honor of God. So he was nice. And in Miles Philips, when they would not change their faith in Mexico, Roger, the armorer of the Jesus, had three hundred stripes on his back, and John Moone and John Rider and the others, two hundred, and John Keies one hundred. And George Rivelio, and Peter Monfrie, and Cornelius the Irishman, were burnt to death in the market-place on the day before Good Friday. So they were all shut-up travellers, and they were very brave. And there were the twenty-two kings with their people shut up fast, locked in the mountains, and there they are to this day; but men say they shall come out one day," quoted Friday softly.

"And there was that other place all covered with thick darkness, where you may hear people talking, but they cannot come out, and they evermore abide in darkeness till doomsday."

But this was rather an awful old legend, and gave Friday the creeps. The Arctic explorers afforded most lasting satisfaction, for one could never tire of the captains. And what was their behavior when they were shut up in the ice? Friday thought of all his books; of Sir Hugh Willoughby, that very noble knight, and stout Master Richard Chancelour, and Sir Martin Frobisher, and gallant Master Captain Best, and good Captain James, and all the host of them. And Friday remembered that they were very brave, very cheerful, and very patient; and therefore, it became all shut-up people, especially persons who intended to be explorers themselves, to be very brave, cheerful, and patient too. Besides, this was not ice, nor hardship, nor hunger, nor cold. It was only a wood near home. But the thought of hunger suggested the idea that it was time to go in to tea; and cold, that it was not quite so warm as it had been in the garden. The sun was getting lower, too, and Friday knew that the world ought to go into the house at tea-time, because night might be expected to come on after it. But George had not appeared yet, and there was no sign of him. And the stable-clock striking, Friday knew that tea was laid in the schoolroom, and George must be there.

"Perhaps he didn't know the door was shut," he said; "he thought it was open when I went back. And perhaps he went out another way."

And, just as this passed through his mind, there was the sound of a key in the lock. Friday thought he was released, and started up gladly; but behold, the bolt of the lock was shot! And then some one began to stump away on the other side of the wall, and from the pad—dot, pad—dot, Friday knew it was Zachary, locking all the doors for the night, and going home. He fell on the door in a sudden panic, knocking and calling wildly—

"O Zachary, it's me, it's me! Friday's here! O Zachary!"

But the wall was thick and high, and Zachary was a little deaf, and by that time no doubt at the end of the walk.

Friday sat down again in a bewilderment of terror and despair. It was not so disappointing a thing as being turned back by George, but it was a more dreadful, and oh, what a naughty one! To be in a wood at that hour, late for tea, in a linen suit, and no hat! How cross Mrs. Hammond would be. If he did not spend the next morning in the corner for his crimes it would be because he would be in bed for a sore throat. Friday thought it very probable that he would have a sore throat to-morrow, for his back began to feel cold, and the dew was falling. There was a huge lump in his throat already, but that was mental agony.

"I couldn't help it," he said, "I didn't mean it. I would have gone out if I could, and I haven't been any farther."

It did come into his mind that it would be very awful to stay here until the wood got quite dark, and if George had gone out at the other side, he could do the same. But onmyhonner stood in the way. Even if you were very much frightened, Friday did not see how that could be got over.

"I will wait," said he, gulping; "perhaps they will come for me soon. And they will be very cross, but I said I wouldn't go another step into the wood, onmyhonner. I said so to George. I will try to be good till they come, only I wish I had my Crusoe."

And thereupon—Crusoe came. He came rather queerly, not down the path, but through the fern, and startled Friday. He came very slowly, and kept stopping, and presently he lay down and crawled. Friday thought he was sorry.

"O my Crusoe!" he said. "I am so very glad you have come! Good doggie! Crusoe, I am not angry."

But it seemed that Crusoe was afraid. Friday went to him, and took him in his arms, and talked to him, and kissed the top of his head, but it did not seem to cheer him much.

"Crusoe is so tired," said Friday. "We should both like to go home so much." And he sat down before the door, cross-legged, with Crusoe on his knee. Crusoe did seem very tired, and it had been a labor to come to his master, for his coat was covered with dirt and damp. Friday was so glad to have him, and so sorry that he was cold and tired, that he thought he must allow him a few licks. He bent his face down and said, "Good doggie!" But Crusoe did not lick Friday, he licked himself, and that was surely a very strange thing.

"Crusoe dear!" said Friday anxiously. But Crusoe did not seem to hear him. He licked himself a little longer, and spread himself out on Friday's knee.

"Crusoe dear!" and Crusoe touched Friday's cheek with his nose, and spread himself out again and shivered. And then he laid his nose on Friday's hand, and began to be very cold, and Friday held him close to make him warm. And so he sat, and waited and waited, a bare-headed, patient-faced, little figure, and the dew fell, and the wood grew darker behind him.

CHAPTER VII.

No one noticed Friday's absence. The long afternoon faded into evening. Kitty and Nelly came in from their walk with Martha, and then George appeared, followed by the schoolroom tea. George sat at the end of the table, provided with a book, which he propped open against the milk-jug. The twins privately thought it rude to read over tea, but George was such a big boy; to be sure, he did not interfere much with them. Friday's empty chair excited no remark, because his recognized home was properly neither the schoolroom nor the old nursery, but a little of both, and he fluctuated about the house to suit the convenience of the elders.

Kitty said, "Where's Friday?" Nelly supposed in Mrs. Hammond's room.

"Perhaps he's in the corner," said Kitty.

"Then he will have tea there," decided Nelly.

George had never given another thought to seeing Friday in the wood, and between the lines of his book, he gathered that Friday was in the corner in Mrs. Hammond's room.

The evening passed as usual, quiet to dulness, until Friday's bedtime, when it was the custom to take him to say good-night to grandmother. Martha knocked at the schoolroom door.

"Mr. George, Mrs. Hammond is waiting for Master Friday."

"Not here," said George; "he's in her room."

Martha went back to say so. In two minutes she was at the schoolroom door again.

"Mr. George, he isn't there."

"Well he was at tea-time. He hasn't been here since."

"Mrs. Hammond hasn't seen him all the afternoon."

"Rubbish!" said George, with boyish brevity; "he had tea there. He isn't here." And he bent over his book again. In two minutes more Martha knocked for the third time.

"Mr. George, haven't you seen him?"

"Look here, what's the use of bothering?" exclaimed George testily, looking up from his confusion of books and papers.

"He had tea in Mrs. Hammond's room, that's all I know."

Martha departed, shaking her head dubiously. Then came Mrs. Hammond in person.

"Mr. George, could you say who told you that Master Friday was in my room?"

"Well, no, I don't know," said George, rubbing his hair up.

"We did," admitted the twins, from the corner where they unceasingly played at "house." "We said 'perhaps'—we didn't really know."

"I do assure you he hasn't been near my room, Mr. George, not even for tea. I'll take a look at the nursery"—the old nursery being the half-play, half-bedroom where Friday slept.

There was quiet in the schoolroom for a quarter of an hour, and then flying feet came down the passage, and Martha burst open the door. "Mr. George, Mr. George, Master Friday's lost!"

"Oh, rubbish!" retorted George; "you haven't looked for him."

"We have, indeed! All over the house!" cried Martha, whose white face testified to the reality of her fear.

"Well, Mr. George, it's beginning to be a very strange thing," added Mrs. Hammond, in the background; "we have looked everywhere you can imagine in the house, and I can't think he would be out of doors at this hour."

"He has put himself to bed," suggested George.

"Oh, no, not a sign of him in the nursery."

"Well, he's in grandmother's room."

"Nor there either, Mr. George, for I've been to look, and daren't say a word about him, for fear of exciting the mistress. And we've been all over the house. Oh, dear, I do not doubt the unlucky child has come to grief!"

"He's fallen down-stairs somewhere, and he's so bumped that he can't get up again!" said Nelly dismally, and instantly began to cry.

George pushed his books away, and set out to scour the house from the top to the bottom. But Friday was at the foot of no stairs, nor in attic, hall, or cellar. In vain did they open doors, and softly call his name. No Friday answered. Kitty and Nelly were now weeping profusely in each other's arms; Martha and her fellow-maids were scared and trembling; Mrs. Hammond was visibly anxious; George himself began to feel secretly uneasy.

"Who saw him last?" he demanded, making the best of it, and assuming the head of affairs. No one precisely knew. One of the maids had seen him in the garden during the afternoon, but whether he had been in the house since, she could not say. The only thing that everybody was agreed in was that he had had no tea, either in one room or another.

"Mrs. Hammond, keep grandmother and the girls quiet," said George. "I'll go into the garden." He seized his cap and dashed away into the moist dusky garden, but returned presently with a blank face.

"I can't find him anywhere," he reported; "but I'll go to Zachary's. He may know something about him."

"Oh, perhaps he is at Zachary's!" said Kitty hopefully, wiping her eyes.

Mrs. Hammond privately shook her head.

"It isn't like him," she murmured, "the unlucky child's lying somewhere." It was singular that no one thought he was in mischief. Friday and mischief were two ideas that had no relation to each other.

Meantime George was speeding across the paddock to Zachary's cottage. Disappointment awaited him there. Zachary had not seen Friday since morning; but he "would be main glad to help find the little young gentleman."

So armed with the largest and oldest stable lantern, they sallied forth. They searched the gardens (the locked door in the wall not being taken into consideration for a moment), the glasshouses, the stable-yard, the out-buildings, but there was no Friday. They went up and down the paddock, and looked in the ditches, and called along the hedgerows. George went up the lane, and Zachary down it calling and beating the banks, but still no Friday. They met at the gates again, and did not need to tell each other of their failure. Then Zachary had a bright idea.

"Let's try the young Doctor's, Mr. George. Master Friday does set a deal by him, and he might chance to be there."

"Of course!" cried George, only too eager to seize on the barest hope; "why didn't we think of it before? He is sure to be there. I'll go, Zachary—I shall not be long."

It was not very far down the lane to the village where the Doctor's rooms were, but George felt as if weights were tied to his feet. He was telling himself all the way that Friday was certain to be there, but underneath a fear lay at his heart. He was not himself conscious how glad he should be to see little Friday again!

He stood at the door at last, scarcely with breath left to speak. The Doctor came running down the stairs.

"You, George? Any one ill at home?" he exclaimed, noting the boy's flushed cheeks and quick breathing. The Doctor's uncomprehending face felled George's last hope to the ground.

"Oh, don't say he isn't here!" he gasped.

"Who? No one is here but myself."

"Friday," panted George, leaning against the side of the doorway, his color fading, "Friday is lost! We have been looking for him everywhere. Old Zachary said he might be here, because he is so fond of you. We dare not tell my grandmother; and what shall we do?"

It was more a cry of dismay than a question, but the doctor answered it.

"I'll come," he said, snatching his hat and struggling into his coat. "When did you miss him?"

"I suppose he has been missing all the evening," replied George, as they hurried up the lane; "but it was not found out till his bed time. He is certainly not in the house, and Zachary and I have hunted all over the place."

"Who saw him last?"

"I don't know. He was seen in the garden after noon. He has not been with Zachary at all. Oh, I saw him, but only for a few seconds," added George; "he was in the wood, and I told him to go back in the garden, because Sir John was shooting near the place."

"And he went back?"

"I told him to go. I didn't wait to watch him; but I am sure he went."

"It is possible that he did not."

"Oh, but I am sure he went. He promised to go back. I sent him because I thought it wasn't safe to leave him, and I know he went. The little chap doesn't know what disobedience means."

"It would have been safer to have watched him go."

"Nobody ever watches him, because he is such a good little fellow. But it does seem as if we might have looked after him amongst us," said George remorsefully.

"Have you looked in the wood?"

"No, we never thought of it; the door is always locked."

"Then, in my opinion, he is there."

"I don't think so!" exclaimed George sharply, for a horrible dread fell upon him; "our door was locked at night, but he could go through the wood to the stile to the high road—and if he has, who knows where he has wandered, for he never went beyond the old toll-bar before!"

The Doctor did not answer and George's fear grew.

"You don't think he is in the wood, do you?" he urged.

"I do," said the Doctor, in a low voice; "if he had been able he would have left it. Nothing would have kept him there so late, but—"

He did not end his speech, and a dead silence fell, and lasted until they joined Zachary.

"He isn't here, Zachary," said George; "we are going to try the wood."

"The wood! Mr. George! I keep the door locked myself!"

"You opened it this afternoon for me, you know. Let us go. Where is your key?"

(To be Continued.)

"SEE, FATHER; SEE HOW HIGH I AM!"

HIGHER THAN THE HEAVENS.

"See, father; see how high I am!"
Yes, dear, I see; so very high,
Much higher than thy pretty thought,
Which measures but a lily's stem,
Soaring in grace above the earth
On which it grows to wear, like thee,
Its diadem of purity.
Far higher than thy pretty thought
Thy childish truth and beauty rise:
High as the searching sunset glow;
High as the clouds which blessings rain
Upon bright summer's thirsty land;
High as night's zenith's milky-way;
High as the floor its arch upholds.
Oh, child, how high thou'art! Higher
Than that high heaven, and near to him
Who sits upon the throne to which
That heaven, so high, is the vast floor.—
Thou art the height from which man fell;
To which God would uplift again.
Thy loftiness—unflecked by sin,
By seeming, or by thought untrue,
Unsought, unconscious—is conferred
By honesty and innocence,
And simplest love, and open heart
Which blessing of its grace outpours;
To which all generous priestliness
Of nature is but likeness mean,
And fane and temple, dead clay type,
Their ministers, thin shadows vain.
Thy baby feet have made my chair
High altar steps; those two small hands,
Lifted of sweet inward goodness,
Higher than hands of mitred priest
Speaking his benediction there!
For thou wast consecrated by
A loftier grace than that by popes
Dispensed. Such beauty on a soul
The will of man has ne'er conferred.
Nor is it honored by the sects
Who give it neither place nor power.
It ministers to the round world;
Throned in each living bosom there
By rank of inward nobleness
And heaven's performent of a child.
Thy stole and cope the angels wear
In God's great temple—the sweetness
Of the simplest heart that beats.
Thy spirit's dignity finds nought
Save the One Good to measure it.
Thy infant ways are thin disguise
Of that which only yearning love
Could ever reach, here or above,
Which, reached and understood, IS GOD.
Oh, child and prophet! guide and hold
Thy father's faltering steps to heights
Of goodness, beauty, innocence.
Help the great Christ to make me his.
Lead to the heights too high for me
Without thy little hand to lead.
Fair child! I feel how high thou art.

—*B. Waugh, in Sunday Magazine.*

FRIDAY.

BY FRANCES.

CHAPTER VII.—*(Continued.)*

Then came a long delay while George ran to Zachary's cottage for the key, and his companions waited at the end of the paddock, where the dusk was deepening to darkness, and the dew lay heavily. Then they saw him running through the wet grass, and he sprang over the hurdles, and led the way down the dim bowery garden.

"He isn't there! I am sure he isn't, he kept repeating, in a suffocated tone.

"I hope to Heaven he is not—as I think," said the Doctor.

"Lord ha' mercy on us! Sir John was shooting there all afternoon!" exclaimed Zachary, tottering on his poor old limbs. They had reached the door.

"George," said the Doctor, "no child alive would stay in the wood afterdark, as long as it could leave it. I fear—I fear there has been an accident."

George uttered at inarticulate sound and fumbled at the lock, but his hand shook so much that the Doctor took the key.

"O Lord, send he isn't here!" cried Zachary.

"He isn't! Iamsure he isn't!" reiterated George.

The Doctor threw open the door, and Zachary turned the light of his lantern into the darkness of the wood—and Friday was there. Yes, he was there. A tiny figure sitting cross-legged on the ground, with a wave of damp fair hair over his forehead, and his wakeful eyes fixed on the door, holdinga black woolly body close in his arms, and waiting patiently and faithfully. The little face looked up wistfully at the Doctor, and Friday said. "Crusoe is so cold. I can't make him go warm."

It was such a sudden shock to see him and hear him speak, and speak so calmly, that they could not answer for a moment. Friday began to realize that he was found; but the finders looked so oddly at him that he thought they were angry. He uncrossed his stiff little legs, and stood on his feet, still holding Crusoe close to his breast. He saw the Doctor, and George and Zachary, and he looked up at them with a gallant front, and truthfully said his say, half-manful, half-imploring.

"I didn't mean to be naughty, I truly didn't. I camed back, onmyhonner. George had made the door shut fast, and Icouldn't reach; and I waited, and Zachary locked it, and I called, but he didn't hear, and I waited here, and I waited till now. And I haven't been any farther, onmyhonner."

"O, little 'un!" cried George, dropping beside him with a queer cry. "I didn't mean to leave you here; I didn't mean it! I didn't know!"

Friday looked down at Crusoe in his arms, and then piteously at the Doctor.

"Crusoe is so cold," he said. "I can't make him go warm."

Something made the Doctor whisper to George—

"Take him away at once!"

And George took him, Crusoe being so sleepy that he did not even raise his head. And the Doctor caught up Friday, and when he felt how very cold he was, and wet with dew, he held him inside his own warm coat, and carried him quickly away; and Friday thought he seemed to sigh, so he said—

"If you will put me down, I can walk, thank you: for I am very heavy."

"Not very, Friday," said the Doctor; "and I want to put you to bed."

"Because of bed-time, or because of being naughty," asked Friday, with the lump big in his throat. "I couldn't help it. I didn't mean to be naughty—oh, I didn't, I didn't!" And the lump growing so large as to be inconvenient, he hid his quivering face on the Doctor's shoulder.

"Because of bed-time," said the Doctor cheerfully. "It is long past your hour, Friday."

"Do you think Mrs. Hammond will be angry?" whispered Friday.

"I think not. I believe we shall all be only glad to have our little boy safe. Was Friday afraid in the wood?"

"Yes," said Friday sorrowfully; "I tried not to be, but I was. I wanted not to be afraid, but I couldn't help it; but I didn't cry, I didn't cry at all, because it didn't matter."

"What didn't matter?"

"You said nothing mattered if I kept on trying to be good. And so I sat and waited till somebody came for me. And I didn't cry."

"What did you think about, Friday?" said the Doctor, and perhaps it was because he was bending down his head that his voice sounded so low.

"I said my prayers, because, you see, if somebody hadn't come, I should have had to go to bed in the wood. And I thought about Captain John, and the ship's carpenter, and Sir Hugh Willoughbie, and Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and I tried to be very noble, and very cheerful, and patient like they were; but I can't," said Friday, his voice suddenly hurrying between sobs; "I can't really. I think only a little boy can't be very noble, and my back is so wet, and I am very cold, and—oh, please, do take me to bed!"

And he put his arms round the Doctor's neck, and laid his head down, and if he cried a little then, the Doctor did not think it naughty.

And so he rode into the house, and wondered if the Doctor knew how he would be put in the corner to-morrow for getting his clothes wet; for he was sure the Doctor would not carry him if he know what a darkly naughty thing that was.

But the Doctor was thinking of other things. He was holding Friday fast in his arms, and thinking of the unquestioning obedience, the silent patience, the absolute faith—the gentle nobility of that little steadfast single heart.

. . . . . .

"If you please, will you ask the Doctor to come and see me before he goes home?" requested Friday, when he was fairly established in bed, after his warm bath, and all the other measures Mrs. Hammond and the Doctor could devise. The Doctor came, and found Friday sitting up against his pillow, and awaiting his coming with intent eyes.

"Well, Friday, will you say good-night to me?" said the Doctor. "For my part, I think you had better lie down and go to sleep."

"I want Crusoe," said Friday; "they won't bring him."

"Because they want you to go to sleep, Friday."

"I want Crusoe," repeated Friday; "he always sleeps on my feet. He can have a clean *Times*. If you please, will you bring him?"

"Not now, I think, Friday. You must lie down, and go to sleep."

"I can't go to sleep without my Crusoe. I don't sleep well if I don't have Master Frobisher under my pillow and Crusoe on my toes. George has brought me Master Frobisher, but he won't bring Crusoe. And Mrs. Hammond won't, and Martha won't."

"I think you cannot have doggie to-night, Friday."

"Crusoe wants me, I know he does," said Friday beseechingly. "Mrs. Hammond doesn't mind if he has a clean *Times*. I told Martha there was one here, but she went away. Crusoe does like my bed so very much, and I could make him go warm now. He scratches at my door. Why doesn't he come? Where did George take him?"

"Doggie is down-stairs."

"Is he having his tea?"

The Doctor paused a second, but Friday's clear eyes regarded him steadily.

"I believe not, Friday."

"Hasn't he had any?"

"No."

"Then why doesn't he come to me?"

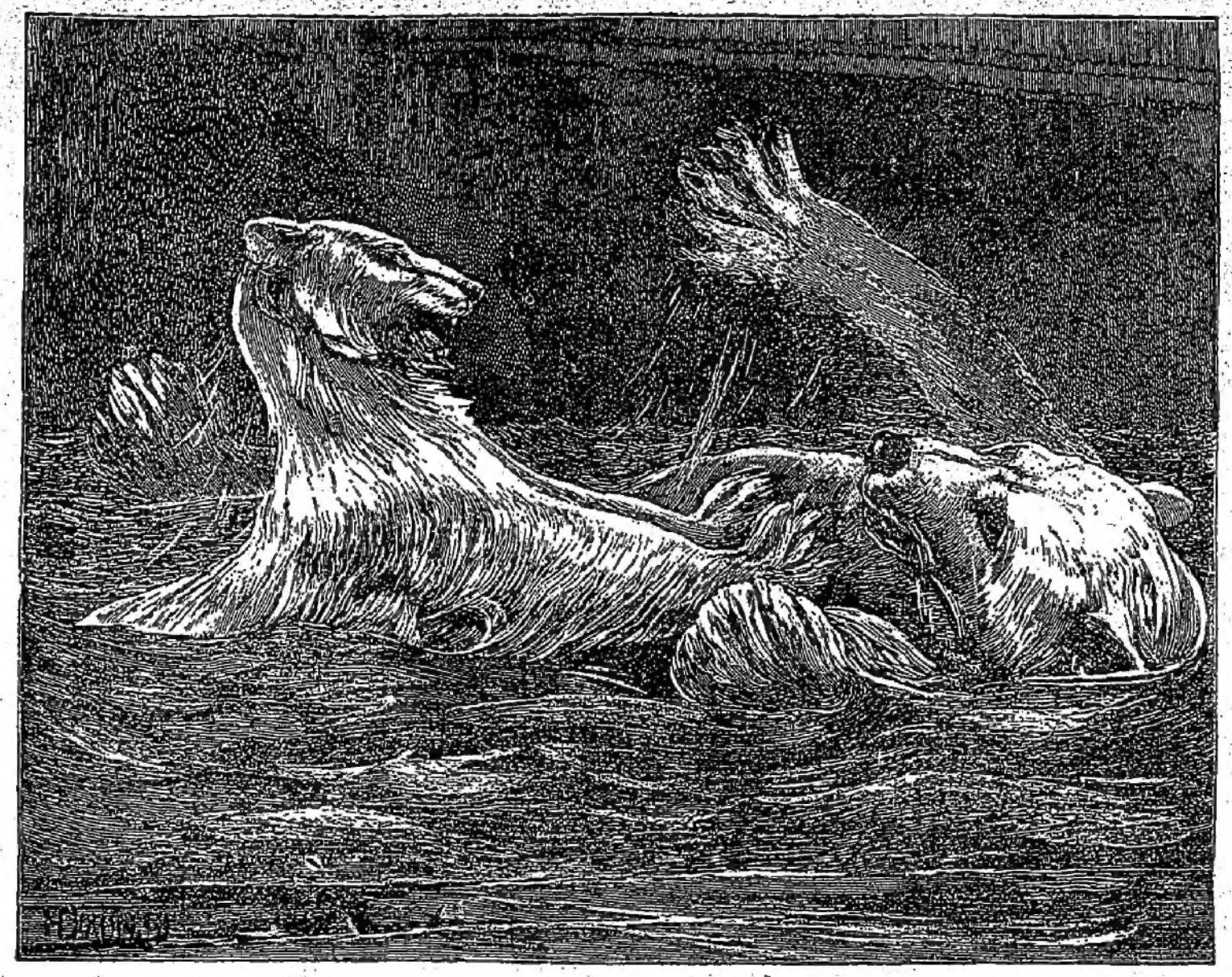
"Now you must lie down and go to sleep, Friday. It is getting very late, and you are making yourself ill."

"I will try to go to sleep if you will just bring Crusoe to let me give him one kiss on his head!"

"Friday, suppose I were to tell you that you must be a good boy and obey me, only because I say so?"

(To be Continued.)

NOTHING can be great which is not right. *Dr. Johnson.*



A WATER FROLIC IN THE ZOO.

A WATER FROLIC.

One of the most interesting corners of the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park, London, is that containing the dens of the bears. Every youngster that goes to the Zoo likes to mount to the terrace with biscuits or bun, and throw fragments down into the pit, or perhaps tempt one of the bears to climb the tall post in the centre, in the hope of getting the bun that is waiting to be claimed at the top.

Near this bear-pit is the large den, containing a deep tank of water, in which the Polar bears reside. They are great creatures that live (as their name indicates) in the frozen regions near to the North Pole. Sometimes they are called white bears, but when you see them you will agree that this is not a good descriptive name, for the color of their long, thick fur is a dingy yellow. They look as though they may have been white once upon a time, but have recently been in rather a bad London fog, which has turned them yellow. When they are at home on their native ice they catch and eat fish, seals, and young whales. You may think that so great and lumbering a creature would be unable to catch such sprightly things as fishes and seals, but when the Polar bear is in the water he is both quick and clever as a diver and swimmer.

Like all the other bears, the Polar species has a sweet tooth and is very partial to biscuits and buns. Visitors to the Zoo know this, and try to get the bears into the water by throwing in small fragments of such dainties. But they are pretty cunning, and know that whilst they can secure these tid-bits without going into the water, the flow of such presents will continue in the hope that they will presently dive in. Many of the pieces thrown in fall so near the edge of the tank that one of the bears can put down his paw and secure them. Then the visitor tries to throw into the middle of the tank; and, if successful, and the piece thrown is sufficiently large, the bear may flop in and go after the food.

Sometimes, when they have no particular desire for food, they will take to the water for their own delight. Such an occasion was depicted by our artist, when two bears, one young and one old, were enjoying themselves immensely. The younger one had been playfully teasing its companion until the latter felt compelled to retaliate, and went after the youngster for that purpose. But the little one took a header into the water, and the big one followed. Such a splashing and commotion there was, as their great bodies dropped into the tank. Up came the little one, with a face that looked all smiles. Up came the big one, seeming to say, "Let me catch you. I'll teach you to plague your elders like this." But the younger one stood up in the water, and when the big one came along trying to hug him, he put out his great paws and pushed the big bear over again on his back. And so they kept the fun up for some time, for it was fun and nothing else, and though they might bark and growl and pretend to be angry one with the other, it was only pretence. They never attempted to hurt each other.—*Band of Hope Review.*

THE CANADIAN BAND OF MERCY UNION.

The following letter speaks for itself. We sincerely hope that before long a Band of Mercy will be in active working order in every school in the country.

This Union was organized in Ottawa on March 27th, 1890. On December 10th, 1891, in the City Hall, Ottawa, the meeting requested Dr. Robert Mark to organize bands in and out of Ottawa in connection with Sabbath, or day schools, by personal visits, or correspondence.

In compliance with this request I ask your personal assistance, in establishing a Band of Mercy, in any Sabbath or day school with which you are connected.

The help I ask is for pastors of churches and the management of Sunday-schools, and principals of day schools to permit the following pledge to be read in their schools.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures and will try to protect them from harm," and all persons connected with the school or congregation writing or permitting their names to be written shall become members of the said band.

My plan in organizing is to read the pledge in the schools—ask all to rise who will subscribe to it, and request each teacher to mark *m* in the class book for that day, so that at a convenient time the names with *m* opposite can be written on the membership roll of your Band of Mercy.

The Band then chooses a name by which it shall be known; also elects a president and secretary.

I further ask that on the first Sabbaths of January, April, July and October, following its organization, the pledge shall be read aloud in the school, and all willing to take said pledge to rise and permit the Band Secretary to record their names.

I ask that by post card the Band Secretary inform me each quarter the number of members in the Band. I respectfully suggest that the presidents and secretaries of separate bands in each place be a committee to arrange for mass meetings once or twice a year, making them as attractive as possible. Let each mass meeting be a grand recruiting time for each of the bands.

Mr. George T. Angell, of Boston, U.S., who has been mainly instrumental in establishing 10,000 bands with 700,000 members, wrote on November 6th, 1891:—

DR. R. MARK,—"Any Band of Mercy that you certify has at least thirty members, we will furnish free said band with an outfit of literature, a small badge, for president, and our official organ *Our Dumb Animals*, for one year." So that if any band desires to have monthly meetings the literature necessary can be obtained without cost by applying to me.

Yours in Works of Mercy,
ROBERT MARK, M.D.
419 Slater St., Ottawa, Ont.

MR. MOODY'S TRAINING SCHOOL.

TO STUDY THE BIBLE.

Mr. Moody's Bible Institute in Chicago is making great preparations for the coming winter and next year, with especial reference to the need there will be for aggressive Christian work among the vast crowds who will visit the Fair. Two new stories upon the main building are about completed. These will afford accommodations for one hundred additional men. Mr. Moody, himself, expects to spend a large proportion of the year '93 in Chicago, and is trying to secure leading men from the old country and America to preach the Gospel in English and other languages, and also to give instructions in the Institute, in addition to the regular corps of teachers.

Those who enter the school in October, or as soon after as possible, will have the best opportunities in the work. In accepting applicants, preference will, of course, be given to those expecting to stay throughout the year. None are admitted but such as are preparing for some form of Christian work.

It seems likely that more room will have to be provided for the Women's Department in order to accept all the promising applicants.

Special attention will be paid to the work of the Musical Department of the Institute. It is proposed to gather and train a large male choir to sing at the services to be held during the World's Fair, and extra privileges will be granted to pupils having exceptionally good voices, who will remain during that period. The musical terms begin the first Tuesdays of October, January, April and July.

All inquiries regarding any of the Departments should be addressed to Biblo Institute, 80 Institute Place, Chicago, Ill.

ONE GREETING OF MANY.

A subscriber in Ontario remitting for a club of *Northern Messenger* adds the following:—

"We cannot very well do without the *Messenger* it is so rich and racy. Its principles are sound and good. On the subject of temperance it is just what is wanted in these days of so much youthful vice."

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